

NEXT WEEK: "TREASURE ISLAND," AT BROAD; "KATINKA," AT LYRIC; "POM-POM," AT FORBES

Yo! Ho! Ho! for Treasure Island at Last

How and Why Stevenson's Piratical Classic Was Produced

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum! Drink and the devil had done for the rest Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

CHARLES HOPKINS, one time Philadelphian and now proprietor of one of New York's "little theatres," the Punch and Judy, had longed to see "Treasure Island" as a play ever since the day he first read that breathless tale of buccaners and buried gold.

He began to wonder why it had so far escaped the producer's hand. An associate he consulted could think of no reason except that it did not contain the usual love interest.

So Mr. Hopkins immediately got in touch with the Robert Louis Stevenson estate, now represented by Lloyd Osbourne. From Mr. Osbourne he learned why the Stevenson story had not been produced as a play.

However, Mr. Osbourne was very anxious that "Treasure Island" be put upon the boards if it could be done in the spirit of the book, and finally he and Mr. Hopkins came to an agreement, not before many telegrams had been passed, and many more letters.

Mr. Hopkins selected Jules Eckert Goodman to make the dramatization and according to the New York reviewers nothing of the text was sacrificed those portions which would not lend themselves to dramatic structure.

The four acts and six scenes which the audience at the Broad will see Monday will include the "Admiral Benbow" Inn, the quay at Bristol, the deck of the treasure ship Hispaniola, Treasure Island, the Stockade, Spyglass Mountain and Ben Gunn's cave.

When Mr. Hopkins was trying to persuade Lloyd Osbourne to attend the premiere of



Here we have the producer of "Intolerance," now in its last weeks at the Chestnut Street Opera House, directing a birdseye view in the spectacular sun-play from a captive balloon. It was thus that he obtained the splendid fishes of the mile-long hall of Belshazzar.

the play Osbourne wrote under date of September 12 from Gilroy, Cal., regretting his inability to leave his "little mountain ranch."

An interesting fact in regard to "Treasure Island" is that it was the turning point in R. L. S.'s literary life. Up to that time his books, though greatly praised by critics, never sold beyond the first edition of 750 or 800 copies.

"As most people know, 'Treasure Island' was directly inspired by a small map I drew as a boy. When the map was finished R. L. S. happened to lean over my shoulder, and added, tremendously to my delight and not a little to his own, the crosses for buried treasure and the deliciously romantic names now so well known.

"These were not the exact words, but I can remember the gist of that conversation as though it were yesterday, and Stevenson's eager, mantling, whimsical face. The next day I was electrified to have the first chapter read aloud to me—the first chapter of my book. The others followed in almost daily succession.

MILO UNMASKED



In Barrie's new comedy, "A Kiss for Cinderella," now at the Empire, New York Maude Adams makes the very inspiring discovery that the

Barrie Is Thin But Volatile in New Whimsy

Maude Adams Charms New York in "Kiss for Cinderella"

THIN or airy? It just depends on your fondness for Barrie which word you apply to his new comedy, "A Kiss for Cinderella," in which Maude Adams is now appearing at the Empire Theatre in New York.

For action, we have a policeman's grave suspicion of little Miss Thing, a sick little lady on the edge of feverish delirium and forever talking of the cat at the palace and how she can get in his invasion, heavily disguised, of her "penny shop," where everything from tailoring and hair cuts to medicine is the same modest price.

But that ball! (And, of course, the bits of Barrieisms that fill the other three acts.) Ravishingly beautiful is that great white and gold ballroom which Miss Adams has made out of a Maxfield Parrish painting; and beautiful is Cinderella when she waltzes with the prince.

AVERY IS STILL SLENDER, BUT NOT SAD

It was about ten years ago that a pathetic-looking young man got off an express train in Jersey City from Cleveland, O. He was very tall, very blond and pale and disconsolate, and an absolute stranger in the big city.

There will soon be Maskis and Wais on the grand "The Forest" going to break all ordinary student's show for Eastern schools. This year it is "Mr. Rip Van Winkle."

Good news and bad comes from the Knickerbocker Theatre. Eugene Blain, long Philadelphia favorite, will join the company March 5, but only because of the enforced withdrawal for health's sake, after a long and trying season—of the present leading lady, Anna Doherty.

The Frohman company is to produce a new play by the prolific writer of English successes and American failures, Horace Annesley Vachell. It is called "The Case of Lady Chamber."

Brooklyn is so worked up over the present state of the drama that it is instituting no fewer than two local companies to give it the sort of Brooklyn it wants. One is called the Brooklyn Repertory Theatre and the other the Brooklyn Community Theatre.

"Pearl of the Army"

BY GUY W. MCCONNELL. Scenario by GEORGE BRACKETT SEITZ. Author of "The Iron Claw," "The Shielding Shadow," etc.

PRODUCED BY PATHE. EPISODE XIII—"Modern Buccaneers." (Copyright, 1916, by Guy W. McConnell.)

Scene 12—(Under-water location.) Adams reaches bottom and moves out of picture. Scene 13—(Under-water location as per 11.) Silent Menace at work in mine. Adams comes for everybody connected with it, even the diamonds from the mine.

CLOSE-UPS

WASHBURN, BRYANT, leads, Wessanay; born Chicago, April 28, 1888; educated there; stage career, from 1907, with George Fawcett, in several successes, "The Wolf," "The Great John Ganton," "The Fighter," screen career, Essanay, since 1911 ("Blindness of a Little Girl," "The Scapcoat," "The Woman Hater," "The Alster Case," "The Prince of Graustark," "The Golden Lie," "The Promised Land," "The Three Scratch Clue"). Height, 6 feet; weight, 155 pounds; dark complexion, dark brown hair, brown eyes. Recreations, swimming, riding, dancing, etc. Studio address, Essanay, Chicago, Ill. At the Arden next week in "Skinner's Dress Suit."

A DAISY GREET'S A DANDY



At last Marguerite Clark, who comes to the Stanley in "The Fortunes of Fifi" next week, is shaking hands with George M. Cohan as he reports for work on Artcraft's "Broadway Jones."

MIZZI HAJOS IS NO MORE; ALAS!

Mizzi Hajos is no more. This is not an obituary notice. It concerns the swapping of names. Vale Mizzi Hajos! Viva Mizzi! For Mizzi to move her matter has been attended to and when she opens at the Forrest for a limited engagement next Monday, in her new comic opera, "Down Town," she will be programmed as just Mizzi.

Mizzi says she was compelled to change her name because the American people could not pronounce it. After having it mispronounced on the stage and in the Atlantic to the Pacific for the past five years without feeling that she was making progress, she became convinced that the Hungarian consonants did not roll readily from the American tongue and she petitioned the court for a name easy to pronounce and easy to remember.

Mizzi was born in Budapest twenty-three years ago. From the beginning she was the golden-haired darling of her family. She is the youngest; she has two big brothers. Her father and mother live in the house in Budapest which she bought for them, and she has gone back to visit them every summer—except the last two, when battalions intervened.

All her family are strapping big people, and little Mizzi has from the first time she said "papa" been regarded by them as a prodigy. She acquired by them as a prodigy. She acquired by them as a prodigy. She acquired by them as a prodigy.

Movies Versus Plays as Seen by an Expert

Is "Tank Drama" Dead? Asks a Prominent Manager

[The following article is reprinted from "The Friars' Epistle," Mr. Brady being a member of the theatrical organization of that name.]

By WILLIAM A. BRADY. THE two questions most frequently put to me are: Will the movies just? Will the speaking stage come back to its own?

There seems to be a haunting doubt regarding the permanency of the motion picture, perpetually hitched to a lingering, chimerical hope for the speaking stage. Both are measurably erroneous.

The pictures will last for as great a distance of time as present vision can cover, and the speaking stage will come back only in the very large cities.

WASHBURN, BRYANT, leads

Wessanay; born Chicago, April 28, 1888; educated there; stage career, from 1907, with George Fawcett, in several successes, "The Wolf," "The Great John Ganton," "The Fighter," screen career, Essanay, since 1911 ("Blindness of a Little Girl," "The Scapcoat," "The Woman Hater," "The Alster Case," "The Prince of Graustark," "The Golden Lie," "The Promised Land," "The Three Scratch Clue"). Height, 6 feet; weight, 155 pounds; dark complexion, dark brown hair, brown eyes. Recreations, swimming, riding, dancing, etc. Studio address, Essanay, Chicago, Ill. At the Arden next week in "Skinner's Dress Suit."

Washburn, Bryant, leads, Wessanay; born Chicago, April 28, 1888; educated there; stage career, from 1907, with George Fawcett, in several successes, "The Wolf," "The Great John Ganton," "The Fighter," screen career, Essanay, since 1911 ("Blindness of a Little Girl," "The Scapcoat," "The Woman Hater," "The Alster Case," "The Prince of Graustark," "The Golden Lie," "The Promised Land," "The Three Scratch Clue"). Height, 6 feet; weight, 155 pounds; dark complexion, dark brown hair, brown eyes. Recreations, swimming, riding, dancing, etc. Studio address, Essanay, Chicago, Ill. At the Arden next week in "Skinner's Dress Suit."

A Burlesque Problem Play

(Acted in "Very Good Eddie" by Denman Maley as the lover, and Florence Earle as the wife. The part of the husband is played by an imaginary third person.)

Mr. Maley—How would you like to walk in the moonlight with me? Miss Earle—I didn't know you felt that way about me, too.

Mr. Maley—You see, I went down to New York last winter and saw one of those problem plays, and ever since then I've felt there ought to be a little romance in my life.

Miss Earle—Then naturally you want to be my husband. Mr. Maley—Nothing of the kind; I simply want to be the brave guy who loses you in the last act.

SONG

To make a modern problem play three characters you take—The business man, neglected wife, the home-destroying snake.

The husband starts for distant parts; it's then you surely find. The only time a single pair can beat three of a kind.

Mr. Maley—Now you stay here and set the stage, and I'll return clandestinely. (Exits. Gongs sound off stage, after the Belasco manner of raising the curtain.)

The Wife (sitting opposite empty chair on which is supposed to be seated Caspar, the husband. Wife is weeping in pantomime)—So you're going to leave me alone again, Caspar?

Caspar—The Wife—A business trip? Huh! It's always the same excuse. Business, business. Your business must be very absorbing.

Caspar—The Wife—Don't mumble your words like that. What? You're a manufacturer of blotting paper? That's terrible. Well, what has that to do with it?

Caspar—The Wife—Don't say that, Caspar. Pembroke is only a friend, nothing more. Is it any wonder that a neglected wife should seek some companionship? (Rises, sobbing tragically. A bell strikes three times.) Seven o'clock. You must go now, I'll get your coat. (Helps the imaginary Caspar on with his imaginary coat.)

Caspar—The Wife—(They kiss.) The Wife—Your kiss is cold, perfumatory. No, no, you must go now. You have just time to miss your train. (Door slams. G. Goodby. (She changes her expression to one of gawdy and bursts into song. Loud footsteps in jig-time heard outside.) Ah! 'tis he. How noisy his footsteps are tonight.

Pembroke (entering)—Gypsy! The Wife (rushing to him)—Pembroke! Pembroke—I must not take you in my arms—I must not. (They embrace frantically.)

The Wife—I must not kiss you, Pembroke; I must not. (They kiss.) Pembroke—I should not have come here—I should not. (Embrace again.) The Wife—I can't live without you, but I have sworn to be strong. Cara mia, cara mia, cara mia.

Pembroke—Carolina, Carolina, Carolina. The Wife—Pembroke, he suspects. He found your rubbers under the piano, your car mufflers on the gas jet. Ah, he's a shrewd man, Pembroke. (Noise off stage.)

Pembroke—What's that? What's that? The Wife—It's the door turning in the key. (Pembroke makes a frantic dash toward door.) Not there; he'll meet you in the hall. (Pembroke rushes down stage.) Not there, that's the kitchen. Hide in the closet and draw the curtains. (Pembroke hides in imaginary closet. Caspar is supposed to enter.) So you have come back? You missed your train?

Caspar—The Wife—Nervous? You say I seem nervous? How perfectly absurd. I'll take your coat. No, you mustn't go there—not there—Pembroke (rushing forward)—Stand back. Remember, there is a woman here. The Wife (on her knees)—We have not wronged you, Caspar; we have not wronged you.

Pembroke—Come, old man; let's sit down and talk this matter over quietly. He has fainted. Gypsy, help me to support him. The Wife (assisting him in pantomime)—I have helped to support him for years. Pembroke—Get me some water, Gypsy. (She goes up stage.) I hid myself, Caspar, not in shame, but to spare you the pain of knowing. (Caspar has apparently revived. The wife is kneeling at his side.) Pembroke—And now your hand, Caspar. And yours, Gypsy. Caspar, class her. (Joins their hands in pantomime.) I will not come between you. I am going away from here.

The Wife—Away from here? Where? Pembroke—To Mesopotamia. There there is man's work to be done. The Wife—Man's work? What do you mean? Pembroke (in mock tragic tones)—Some day, on a sun-bleached slab. The Wife (correcting him)—Slab. Pembroke—Slab. There, in that far-distant land, my epitaph shall be "Here lies the man who made a mess of Mesopotamia." (Curtain.)